

Pete Rock, It's The Postaboy

(feat. Postaboy)

[Postaboy]

Uh, yeah, yeah
Harlem, Postaboy, let's go
Harlem, PB, Pete Rock, woo woo
Uhh, let's go

I'ma show you how we get down like, with this pound like
Since I'm in a Caddy P this what it sound like
Uhh, yeah this what you clowns like
And since you're on my dick nigga this what uptown like
Geah, I'm on top of my A game
Blew two hundred thou', got it back on the haste gang
Posta back in the building
The 106 hall of famer t-shirt is back in the ceiling
I'm a new artist but it's like I'm platinum plus
E'ry day, spend superstar rapper bucks
Go to the dealer, cop trucks after trucks
High as a kite, rollin dutch after dutch
Honey leavin the scene with me
Now she wanna get a room, but at 119 with me
Lowrider jeans, fanny pokin out the pants
Do the snake, the wop and the uh-oh dance, ohh!

[Chorus]

Make way it's the Postaboy
Yeah the Postaboy, with the Wonder Boy
We got the ladies in the club makin all that noise
Winning Team outside, you don't see our toys (woo woo)
Make way it's the Postaboy
Yeah the Postaboy, with the Wonder Boy
They got the ladies in the crowd makin all that noise
Beep beep, I'm a boss, I don't drive my toys

[Postaboy]

You can find me uptown, uptown, low in cement B's
Rollin up in the club like the {?}
I don't know why you hate me, I'm tryin to date me
a hot mami like Tammy at AE
Jump, I say that I'm focused
And just how thirsty all these hoes is
Wide door knockers with the rings in they noses
I J, then they knockin at my door like Jehovahs
I start checkin my peep mo'
I come from Harlem, the home of the hustler negroes
Like, R.P., Alpo
Jim Ice, Nicky Barnes, and my nigga Bumpy John
All I need is a pair of my Pro*Keds
Half moon part and a two-wheel moped
Quarter water, Jimmy Chu's for my honey
It's the Postaboy, Winning Team, good money

[Chorus]

[Postaboy]

I said throw yo' lighters in the motherfuckin urr
The roof on fire and not a muh'fucker curr
There's so many bunnies and I'm seein over her
Every time I turn around, couple durr, couple durr
Hey! I'm mean mixin my two-step
Now little birdie wanna call me Hugh Hef'
Pimp so hard 'til there ain't no juice left
I been around the world, I done toured the U.S.

Here we go, c'mon
Now here we go, c'mon
Now here we go, c'mon
Now here we go, c'mon
Yeah!

[Chorus] - 2X